

The Knowledgeable Hasbeens

Cursive

Knock the wind the wind right out
Knock it off
I can't breathe
Could I sing another line?
I think my knees are getting weak
And yes, these knees are weak
But who would believe in a hypocrite who sells himself
Who's your scapegoat now?
Well, it's a million to one, but I think I got the part
Trampled through the grind
I wouldn't extend my disgust
But there's no one here except you
I don't see the point
In carrying on
We could make the best
Out of nothing
Who's your scapegoat now?
Who's your scapegoat?
Who's your scapegoat now?
Well, it's a million to one, but I think I got the part
Trampled through the grind
I would sustain this contempt, but I'd be wasting time again
Hey, it's all I've got
Please leave the confessions
I could find a job
Waiting tables
Or something